THE

GOLDEN BULL;

OR,

THE CRAFTY PRINCESS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. How a King courted his own Daughter for Marriage, threatning her with death if ſhe would not conſent to be his wife.

PART II. The Lady's Craftineſs to be convey'd over Sea in a Golden Bull, to the Prince ſhe loved.

PART III. How her Arrival and Love came to be made known to the young Prince.

PART IV. How her death was contrived by three Ladies in her Lover's abſence: How ſhe was preſerved and ſoon after married to the young Prince; with other remarkable accidents that happened.

Licenſed and entered according to Order

THE
Garland of Love's Craftiness.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PART I.

To the Tune of, "To little or to no Purpose," &c.

COME liften young lovers a while and you'll find,
That croſſes attend often young lovers kind;
The like in all ages was never in print,
No doubt but the ſtory will give you content.

It is of a great King, if I muſt be plain,
Who formerly liv'd in the Southern Reign,
He had no more children than one daughter bright,
She pleaſed her father, and was his delight.

A neighbouring Prince came a viſit to pay,
It being the uſual cuſtom, they ſay,
Love wounded the Princeſs ſo deep in the heart,
That ſhe was much troubled when he did depart.

It ſeems to her Father ſhe ne'er told her mind,
Neither to the young Prince, tho' ſhe was confin'd,
To love him, for Cupid was ſharp and ſevere,
What afterwards happen'd you briefly ſhall hear.

She being ſo beautiful, charming, and young,
Her old father ſaid with a deluding tongue;
Love, I have a fancy to marry with thee,
Tho' thou art my child, yet thy looks charmeth me.

Dear honoured father, the damſel reply'd
Sure you are in jeſt. No, I am not he cry'd,
Alas! my dear father, what makes you talk ſo,
Such things are forbidden in ſcripture you know.

Whilſt I'm bleſs'd with Breath and endowed with Grace,
I'll act a Child's Duty, for it is my place;
He ſaid, I'm reſolved to make thee my wife,
Or elſe thy ſweet charms will bereave me of life.

The lady burſt into a ſhower of tears,
And ſaid honoured father, you're ſtricken in years,
And can have a ſhort Time on Earth to remain;
Tis Satan's temptations puts this in your brain.

Prepare for your end as your ſtrength does decay,
And drive all the thoughts of the devil away,
Let not ſuch vain Fancies come into your head,
That your Soul may live when your Body is dead.

True love for my father I bear from my heart,
And will be obedient in every part,
But rather than have you I'll chuſe for to die,
So talk no more of it, dear father, O fie.

Dear Child, thou art like the ſweet innocent dove,
Yet thy charming beauty confines me to love,
Except thou wilt have me, thy life I will take,
And afterwards murder myſelf for thy ſake.

PART II.

TO the ſecond part give attention, I pray,
Which ſhews how the Lady contrived away,
To deceive her old father, by her craſty ſkill,
Saying, give me four things, and you're mind I'll fulfil.

He ſaid my dear Jewel, your will you ſhall have,
In any thing you can deſire or crave,
They were four hard requeſts you may ſuppoſe;
The firſt three ſhe named was three ſuits of cloaths.

The firſt ſuit reſembling the ſtars in the ſkies,
The next of the clouds that before the wind flies,
The third is a garment moſt coſtly and rare,
Of every bird that does fly in the air.

The other things I to aſk will preſume
Is a Golden Bull for to ſtand in my room;
I will get them for you, my Jewel, he ſaid;
If poſſible all theſe fine things can be made.

Then about the country his nobles he ſent,
To get all theſe fine things that ſhe did invent,
They got theſe ſuits made, and rode back with ſpeed,
But ſeeing the clothes, then ſhe wonder'd indeed.

Her father ſaid, I've now brought you your cloaths,
And I'll get the Bull for my amorous roſe;
Then he made a bargain with one as they ſay,
To get this Bull made without longer delay.

Then unto the Goldſmith the lady ſhe went,
And privately told him her crafty intent;
Be ſure make it hollow and fit to hold me,
With a door, and three bolts within let there be.

Pray do it ingeniouſly, I charge you once more,
That no one may find out there is any door:
He ſaid, worthy Lady, I'll do it ſecure,
That no one may find out the trick to be ſure.

When the Bull was made ſhe appointed the day.
With him to be join'd as the ſtory does ſay:
He went towards the chapel with her to be wed,
And ſhe had a comical trick in her head.

When they came near the chapel, her father to ſun,
She ſaid pray excuſe me for back I muſt run,
For to fetch a thing that I can't do without;
This put her old Father in great fears and doubt.

He ſaid, my dear Jewel, I am loth you to truſt,
For to go back now, ſhe ſaid, but I muſt;
And if I return not, next time you may ſee,
I fairly will give you leave to murder me.

Then he gave her leave and in haſte back ſhe went,
But he little thought of her crafty intent;
She ſhut herſelf faſt in the Bull, and lay ſtill,
As ſafe and ſecure as a thief in mill.

Her father he waited two hours and more,
And finding ſhe came not, in paſſion he ſwore,
Then about the Court, all enquiry they made,
But no one could tell where his daughter was fled.

My impudent daughter has fun'd me, I ſee;
The Princes that was here ſent choice preſents to me,
Therefore to requite him I now do approve
To ſend him this Bull as a preſent of love.

PART III.

HE ſent it on board then with diligent Care,
But ne'er thought his beautiful daughter was there;
She carried choice ſweet-meets for her nouriſhment,
And at laſt they arriv'd where this preſent was ſent.

The Prince liked the preſent and gave a command,
That this golden Bull in his chamber ſhould ſtand,
That he might well view it each day, I declare,
But little did dream that a princeſs was there.

Quite out of the Bull at night ſhe did creep,
And kiſs'd the young Prince as he lay faſt aſleep:
She left a rich neckcloth embroidered with gold,
Which he on his pillow next day did behold.

The Prince had a mother to whom he did ſay,
Whom did you let into my chamber I pray,
Son, there has been none, I do vow and proteſt,
He lock'd up the neckcloth, and laugh'd at the jeſt.

Next night as he lay aſleep, to be plain,
This lady crept ſoftly, and kiſs'd him again,
Next morning a handkerchief he did behold
Embroider'd with all ſorts of flowers in gold.

He ſaid to his mother, I pray tell me right,
What lady has been in my chamber this night;
Dear Son, you have very ſtrange whimſies I find:
He took little notice but ponder'd in mind.

What lady is this, I will be ſatisfy'd,
If it be for love, then I'll make her my bride,
I'll ſee for a fancy who comes in my room:
But if ſhe's a harlot, death ſhall be her doom.

At night ſhe crept ſoftly and kiſs'd him 'tis ſaid,
And a velvet cap by his pillow ſhe laid;
His thoughts were ſo raviſh'd then with her charms,
That he of a ſudden catch'd her in his arms.

With trembling fear, her joints ſhe could not hold,
And craved his pardon for being ſo bold,
His anſwer was ſtraight, I grant pardon to thee,
But I do deſire to know who you be.

She told him her name, and who was her ſire,
And that love was the cauſe of her coming there
He ſaid, my dear love, as thou has ventur'd for me,
To croſs the wide ocean, my bride thou ſhalt be.

No doubt but this couple had pleaſure that night,
The Prince ſaid next morning as ſoon as 'twas light,
Keep faſt in your Bull, where ſecure you will be,
And when I give three knocks love come out to me.

So every day many hours they ſpent,
In pleaſure or love to their joy and content,
He ſaid, I delight for to ſee thy ſweet face,
And we will be married, love, in a ſmall ſpace.

So then he a ring from his finger did take,
And ſaid, charming jewel keep cloſe for my ſake,
I muſt take a progreſs dear love, do not mourn,
There's no fear I will quickly return.

PART IV.

SO then to his mother he went and did ſay,
Let no one go up to my chamber I pray,
If I find that any goes up to my room,
Then death, without mercy ſhall ſure be their doom.

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The mother ſaid Son, I will keep all ſecure,
That none may go into your room to be ſure,
He went to his hunting match with cheerful mind,
But now you will ſoon a ſad tragedy find.

Three ladies came there, and deſired to view,
Her ſon's Golden Bull, and did make much ado,
The old lady thinking no harm there might be,
Admitted them up this fine bull for to ſee.

As ſoon as they came up and ſaw this fine ſight,
They ſaid in this bull, he may take delight,
The goldſmith that made it, ſure had crafty ſkill,
Come let us go down ſince our minds are fulfill'd.

To ſtrike it ſaid one, full reſolved I be,
The reſt had a mind, ſo they ſtruck it all three;
Thinking 'twas the Prince that gave three knocks there,
The beautiful lady came forth I declare.

Said they, we have waited to ſee the beſt ſight,
For in this baſe Harlot the king takes delight;
Therefore ſhe ſhall die like a harlot in grain,
So all three diſputed how ſhe might be ſlain.

The firſt ſaid, I think fit to hang her indeed,
The ſecond ſaid no, we will drown her indeed,
The laſt of the three this anſwer return'd,
If I had my mind ſhe with ſpeed ſhould be burn'd.

The other two ſaid, no, that ſhall not be done,
For out of the window a river did run:
They toſs'd her out head long, ſhe ſwam to a tree,
Where ſhe liv'd three days and no perſon could ſee.

The ſuit of fine cloaths this lady had on,
A maid went for water, but ſoon back did run:
Her maſter ſaid what makes your countenance change;
Sir, there is a ſight that is wonderous ſtrange.

The gentleman ran and with all ſpeed that might be,
Where he ſaw the lady ſit upon the tree;
Then he got a boat, and got her in his arms,
And he was ſurpriz'd with her beauteous charms.

The gentleman to her theſe words did expreſs,
Lady, how came you to be in this diſtreſs;
She told him her ſorrows from the firſt to the laſt,
Saying, now all my bitter ſorrows are paſt.

Fair lady, your ſorrows have not been a few,
The Prince now is ſick, I ſuppoſe its for you,
What is he come home Sir, that well pleaſes me,
In a few days his honoured bride I ſhall be.

Take this diamond ring and go to him I pray,
The Prince will well know it when he doth it ſee,
Then unto his chamber with ſpeed he did go,
Saying, what is the cauſe of your languiſhing ſo.

'Tis love is the cauſe of my anguiſh and pain,
A lady I lov'd but do fear ſhe is ſlain;
Therefore my Phyſicians my life cannot ſave,
I'll follow my Jewel with tears to the grave.

Then he ſhew'd this diamond ring ſtraight in view,
Which made him to cry, Sir, who gave that to you;
Dear Prince, the fair lady is at my houſe now,
He ſtarted up, ſaying I'm quite well I vow.

So then to his mother with ſpeed he did go,
Saying, ſome has been in my chamber I know;
Then ſtraightway ſhe gave him account who they were,
The Prince ſent for them all, who came I declare.

And unto the Prince for mercy did crave,
He ſaid, what you choos'd you ſhall ſurely have,
One hanged, one drowned, one burned ſhall be,
So that was the ſorrowful end of thoſe three.

The Prince with his Princeſs with joy, ſoon were crown'd,
The muſic did play, and the trumpets did ſound,
In triumph they wedded, 'twas a joyful day,
Then was the time to waſh ſorrow away.

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The next news ſhe heard her old father was dead,
And then of the country a Queen ſhe was made,
Then they had both nations to rule and defend,
And ſo let my tragical comedy end.

FINIS.